

R. R. Cooper

# THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND  
PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

## MORE DAVENPORT MANIFESTATIONS IN LONDON.

THE reappearance of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday, was hailed by a large, respectable, and harmonious audience. During the progress of the phenomena, the audience manifested their satisfaction in loud and continued cheering. It is gratifying to us to chronicle this, because it is an additional proof that fair play is something more than a name with a London audience. Of course, there were persons present who deemed the manifestations the effects of clever jugglery, but no audible evidence of such an opinion was given. The audience was not made up of *Planeurs*, or it would not have been our pleasing mission to report so favourably as we do of the conduct of the audience which met the mediums on Monday.

Two or three new features in the arrangement of the *séances* deserve notice here. Formerly the committee appointed to superintend the Cabinet *Séance* were elected by the audience, after having been proposed and seconded. Now they are elected by ballot, a plan which prevents all confusion or dissatisfaction, and shows that no favouritism or pre-arrangement can take place on the part of the Brothers, or, in fact, anyone. It is true that the ballot plan may not produce the best rope-tyers in the audience, but it will save the mediums from being subjected to the brutal Hulleys who are put forward by organized conspiracies. Let us hope that the English people will in future display no more of the spirit which marked the conduct of Liverpool, Huddersfield, Hull, and Cheltenham. Had the mediums been impostors, we may rest assured they would long ere this have been *really* exposed, and have found their way to other shores. But here they are again in London, challenging inquiry, fearless of the most searching tests.

The young men themselves look remarkably healthy, and retain that perfect placidity during the operations, which gives an additional proof of their honesty. After all the tying and untying of ropes, heavy knockings, and rumblings of musical instruments, all of which would make the strongest man wait for breath, the brothers are seen in the cabinet, seated as calmly as though nothing had occurred, or not even a thought disturbed them. The cabinet manufactured in Paris is a *fac-simile* almost of the one which was smashed by the vulgar rowdies of Liverpool.

Mr. R. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, who has engaged the mediums, introduced them in a neat, pointed, and unaffected speech, which met the approval of the audience. Then commenced the Cabinet *Séance*, which presented the usual interesting and extraordinary fea-

tures. Hands of different sizes, and a long naked arm, much longer and thicker than either of the arms of the Brothers, were seen. The quickness with which the heavy trumpet was ejected from the cabinet, before the door was closed, and the suddenness with which one of the committee was struck on the head with hands, created no little surprise and amusement. All the elaborate tyings of the committee, who assured the audience that their knots were secure, were, as usual, untied. The flour test was applied, and the Cabinet *Séance*, with all its strange discord of sounds, was succeeded by the Dark *Séance*.

We have so often described the phenomena of these *Séances*, that we fear to tire our readers with repetitions, but we must briefly state a few of the more prominent features of the Dark *Séance* of Monday last. Mr. Fay and Mr. Ira Davenport sat in chairs, with their hands fastened behind them; the guitars, tambourine, and bells were at intervals, rapidly passed round the room. Then paper was placed under the feet of the mediums and marked, a test which settles the absurd idea of the phenomena being effected by the active agency of Mr. Fay or Mr. Davenport. A guitar, phosphorized, undertook its gyrative journey around the room, now reaching the ceiling, now rubbing a gentleman's head, and darting off with the velocity of thought, by request, and ending by finding its position on a lady's shoulder. The crowning feat of the evening, the instant removal of Mr. Fay's coat, and the instant placing of another gentleman's coat upon him whilst the knots remain sealed, was witnessed with intense interest.

To make the tests doubly satisfactory, Mr. Fay allowed two gentlemen, unknown to him, to hold him while the instruments went round the room.

A little incident, strange, no doubt, to those unacquainted with Spiritualism, caused a deal of interest. Miss Cogman was heard singing during an interval of darkness. When the light was reproduced, she was heard to exclaim, "My mother!" and her body was twisted about in a surprising manner; then the audience was favoured with a few words of a religious character, and she awoke, apparently much surprised to find herself away from her seat. During the Dark *Séance*, several persons felt hands. Two gentlemen, perfect strangers to the Brothers, were tied to their chairs, and a gentleman's glove was carried to the table.

Every fresh *séance* we attend gives us evidence of the utter absurdity of the statements which interested penny-a-liners make, disparaging to the mediums. Not only are the manifestations of an extraordinary character, but they baffle, in our opinion, all ingenuity, with the appliances of mechanism, successfully to imitate. We should like Mr. Sothorn to try his hand under the same conditions, and then he might write an addenda to his libellous letter which we last week printed. It is useless for men to boast before the public what they *can* do, if they never *do*, or even make the attempt to *do*, the things they boast of. Spirit power has in it this to console us, it *cannot* be exposed, because there is neither confederacy nor machinery,

nor any deceptive appliances used by its mediums. When the *Flaneurs* and Sotherns can really show something worthy of intelligent consideration as the product of mere human power, then they may write to a purpose. The brothers and Mr. Fay are doing their work bravely.

On Tuesday the manifestations came off with great *eclat*. The committee confessed themselves to be expert rope-tyers. One, a sailor, said that he had been engaged in the process of rope-tying for twenty-five years. The other said that he had had fifteen years' practice in the tying up of heavy bales. In the dark circle we received sundry evidences on our own person of the mysterious presence which operates at these *séances*. Slappings on the knee and hand, and rather weighty rappings on the head with the guitar, and a strong tug at the whiskers, were unmistakable evidences to us. On all hands we heard others confess to similar experiences.

On Wednesday evening, the manifestations of the Brothers and Mr. Fay excited the usual interest. In the Cabinet *Séance*, an extra number of hands were visible. We distinctly saw four hands at the aperture whilst the whole of the instruments were being played. In the Dark *Séance*, Mr. Fay was held by a gentleman, and that gentleman by another. The guitar took its flight immediately, an experiment of such a convincing nature, we should think, as to disarm all objections. But in this case it was not so. A gentleman urged that the career of the instrument was not convincing, because it did not fly outside the circle. What next? Had it taken the circuit of the room, we suppose he would then have asked for it to go into the street, or on a mission to Dublin.

### CHRISTMAS, 1865.

CHRISTMAS is very near our doors once more. He is not this year robed in snow or crisp with frost. But he is about to enter our habitations. Let us greet him kindly, and forget not to wreath his brow with holly and mistletoe; and, above all, to make his visit one worthy of future remembrance. All of us have influence to do something towards making the heart of old Christmas glad. May no bacchanalian brawls or impious oaths fall upon his ears, to make hideous the aspect of human existence; but may sweet peace, and love, and Christly fellowship, be with us. May our songs flow from the soul full of the pathos of religion. May we sum up our past, and rub out old scores of sin and sorrow, resolving to live down oppression and wrong. May we shake old Christmas by the hand, with a resolution that death cannot weaken, to be true to our knowledge of truth. The birth-morn of Christ is a season for Christian rejoicing, which needs to be of the true character; no selfish jubilee, celebrated by formal gatherings of friends, can be a proper greeting for Christmas. The old man calls for *deeds* which are the work of duty. Shall he call in vain? Spiritualists, have you considered this? If you have, then will Christmas be to you something for others as well as your own temporal and spiritual good. Many changes have taken place since old Christmas was last here. But the satisfaction afforded by doing good knows no change. May we all realize this fact, and profit by it; then we may look forward to each succeeding Christmas which may greet us on earth, as a spiritual birth-morn, full of increasing promise.

### SPIRIT-POWER DEMONSTRATED IN WELL-BORING.

(From the *History of the Chicago Artesian Well*. By George A. Shufeldt, Jr.)

Continued from page 391.

Evidences of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, of the power of the spirit to communicate with man in the body, have been from time to time submitted to the world; thousands and tens of thousands have heard and seen these proofs, and have believed, until the numbers have been swelled to millions. But there are those who demand a potent physical manifestation of the power of the spirit, so that all men may see and comprehend and go away believing. For such a purpose, and to all the world, the revelation of the existence of water and oil underneath this ground was made. It was stated by these spiritual intelligences, among many other things, that this, the city of Chicago, was the grand centre of population, and the capital of the Valley of the Mississippi, in the heart of a great continent, whose people were grandly and rapidly rising to greatness and renown; that here were attracted representatives of all nations, tongues, and peoples, and hence if a great, practical, sensible demonstration of spirit-power were made here, intelligence of the fact would spread far and wide over the world, and that all men would come at last to hear of the new truth, and spread the tidings among all mankind. It was further stated that the revelation of the existence of water and petroleum near Chicago,

and the securing of these articles, would confer lasting blessings, of a substantial kind, upon a great population; would bring health, and life, and light to the people of this city for all time to come; and would be a perpetual memento and landmark, to which all in the future could look back in testimony of the rise and progress of the new philosophy.

That there was a quantity of this water amply sufficient to supply the people of this city for all time; that from its far distant source in the Rocky Mountains, far off in the north-west nature has placed a fountain head, and sent the streamlets down, far among the rocks and stones of earth, on its mission to bless and help mankind.

That the quality of the water is such as to adapt it admirably to the use of man. It is pure and sweet, and clear as the crystal springs, and possesses a power of invigorating the body not common to any other water known. It is filtered through the sandstones and gravel-beds of earth, and comes to the surface with a surprising force and power; has a head sufficient to elevate it above the highest buildings in the city, and power equal to the largest engines.

Dispensing with expensive fuel, steam-pumps, and great engines, it will fill the reservoirs of the city, without cost, in the shortest possible time.

It was further, also, stated that petroleum, in large quantities, existed underneath this land; that it could and would be obtained and used by the people of this city for all the purposes to which this article is applied.

The one part of the revelation is fulfilled, the other is yet to come. I have no manner of doubt but that the entire prediction will be fulfilled in letter and spirit; such evidences of the existence of oil have already been obtained as to render it almost certain that the future will demonstrate the truth of the statement. When boring the water well, as will be seen by reference to previous pages in this narrative, oil was obtained in quantities sufficient to warrant the introduction of a pump, had we only possessed a knowledge of the matter which would have enabled us to obtain the oil by the means now in use for that purpose, but we did not have that knowledge, and thus the well went down to the water.

During the past winter, we have bored a well only forty-five feet in depth, in order to test the surface-rock for oil; out of this well have been pumped about one hundred gallons of petroleum. But the broken nature of the surface-rock, which is characterized by large seams and crevices, prevented the exclusion of the surface-water, and the attempt was therefore abandoned, and the well is now being sunk to a lower stratum, to obtain the oil there. During the present year this well will be thoroughly tested, and the result made public.

### THE FUTURE OF THIS WORK.

We are now engaged in boring a well for the further supply of water, which, when completed, will be from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter—most probably the latter—and will discharge from ten to seventeen millions of gallons per day. This water will be first used to supply the City Reservoirs and the people of Chicago with this indispensable article, of such a quality as the people of no other city enjoy. A cheap, inexpensive, perennial river, will flow outward to our citizens forever. We shall then apply the water to the making of ice, by constructing a pond of about forty acres in extent, and putting up, in the winter season, from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand tons of the clearest, purest ice to be found anywhere in the world. Shade trees and shrubbery will ornament the banks, and walks will be laid all about it, and thus it will be made to serve the double purpose of a pleasure lake in the summer time, and an ice pond for the winter. The next thing now in contemplation is the erection of a cast iron column, or cylinder, about four feet in diameter and about one hundred feet in height, to carry this water to the level of its fountain head. From this column it can be conveyed in any direction, and to any place, for use, as a power to drive machinery, for which it is admirably adapted. Paper mills, cotton or woolen factories, can be erected on this ground, and be run with a cheap and lasting power for all time to come. There is, in fact, scarcely a conceivable use to which this power may not be cheaply and advantageously applied.

In the not distant future we shall lay out a pleasure-ground and garden, shade trees and shrubbery, grass and flowers, fountains, springs, and little lakes, of this crystal water, will ornament and adorn this spot of ground—baths and bathing houses will be built, and this great gift dispensed on every side with a free and liberal hand.

There is also a promise on record, of the spiritual intelligence who made this revelation, that the main object and design of this work, not being to put money into the hands of one or two or more individuals—nor for the mere accumulation of wealth of particular persons—that the day will come when the funds, to be derived from this source, will be applied to charitable, benevolent and educational purposes, and for the spreading and dissemination of the principles of this simple and beautiful philosophy.

That, on this ground, a great magnificent temple will be reared Supreme Intelligence of the universe, whose portals will ever be open to the entire human family, and where all, casting aside the old creeds, forms, and theologies, may enter the vast halls of mind and learn the eternal truths of God. Free schools and colleges will grow up about it, in which the children of poverty may enter, and receive that education and instruction which will enable them to advance their condition in life, and to contribute to the general welfare and progress of the country in which we live. Hospitals will be erected for the sick and destitute, and schools of the arts and sciences will be established to promote that intellectual culture which goes so far towards that refinement which is indispensable to a great people.

All this may seem wild and extravagant to those who have given no thought to the subject; but as the tendency of this seeming extravagance is to contribute to the general welfare of the people, and to the advancement of the public good, the writer, who has given many days and weeks of thought to this and kindred subjects, craves the indulgence of a liberal people. Satisfied in my own mind that all this and much more will surely come to pass, and that the future of this great work can be comprehended by every person of common intelligence who will devote a little thought to the matter, I do not hesitate to place these anticipations in print, and to make a public record of my own convictions. But a few years, and the story will be told, its truth or falsity known to men.

#### THE MANNER IN WHICH THESE REVELATIONS WERE MADE.

The manner in which these communications usually come from the spirit-world, are well understood by those who study the philosophy, but not perhaps so well understood by the world at large. Like all other things that the Creator has made, these manifestations are as various and diversified as any. In the earlier times, and when the fact was first brought to the notice of man, it was by raps, table-tippings, spelling out words by means of the alphabet, and other simple but effectual devices, that the spirit made known its intelligence and its wants. Many persons were brought to a knowledge of the truth of this spirit communion by this plain and simple method. As man became somewhat familiar with the subject, and the progress of knowledge became more emphatic, the communications assumed other shapes, persons who possessed certain electrical or vital conditions became enabled to write out communications at length—to express thoughts and ideas in a tolerably clear and perspicuous manner, this in a measure depending on the power of the spirit to place the medium under a greater or less degree of control. When the spirit got an absolute control over the medium, the communications were more likely to be clear and intelligible than if the subjection were only partial, in which case the matter communicated partakes of the ideas and thoughts of the medium. Another phase of this phenomena is that quite as general and common now as either of the others; it is speaking the thought and language of the spirit through the medium. When in a state of syncope, or trance, unconscious, oblivious to all surroundings, and, as it were, locked fast in sleep, ignorant, uneducated men have been known to speak strange tongues. Men who are familiar with no other language than their mother tongue have spoken fluently in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Arabic, and languages of various Indian tribes. They have delivered discourses on philosophy, religion, astronomy, chemistry, geology, and all the natural sciences, displaying a diversified knowledge which can only be acquired by years of study and thought. There is still another form in which this intelligence has manifested itself, and that is in the arts of drawing and painting. I have seen some most wonderful and beautiful manifestations of this power particularly illustrated in pencil drawings. There is now in Chicago, in the possession of a gentleman whose name, as I have not requested it, I am not at liberty to use, but who, no doubt, would cheerfully acquiesce if requested, a pencil portrait of his wife, life-size, with a countenance of most angelic beauty; her hair falls in elaborate ringlets over a neck and shoulders of exquisite mould; her head is adorned only with a bouquet of roses, a moss rose in full bloom, and an opening bud of the same; her right hand is raised to the cheek, and her fingers clasp a most delicate fuchsia; the left hand rests across the waist—and such hands and arms, perfect in their symmetry and beauty, only Raphael himself could hope to equal—the whole form is robed in a figured lace, which falls in graceful folds to the feet, and the elaborate tracery of the design is most wonderful. As you look upon this figure, it seems to be the work of years, and of a most finished artist, and yet this picture was made in a few days by a journeyman cabinet maker, Anderson, of New York—a man totally ignorant of drawing or portrait-painting. And this talent, or inspiration, or whatever else you may call it, came upon him uncalled-for and unsought, without masters and without teaching. And those who are fortunate enough to have visited this well can see the same thing illustrated in the pictures exhibited here.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### SPIRITUALISM AT WHITECHAPEL.

MISS COGMAN'S mediumship is developing very satisfactorily. On Monday week we accompanied Jessie to her house, where a circle was at once formed. Both mediums were quickly entranced. Miss Cogman gave us a brief, pointed address; then Jessie uttered the following to a lady suffering from a late bereavement:—

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. What a deal of meaning is in that little word, Comfort? We often try to comfort our dear sisters and brethren on this earth, and we often succeed; but sin, that ugly monster, sin, what does it do? It steps in, and obstructs the way. His hideous form throws a black shadow, where, had he not come, there would have been a halo of happiness.

I would say a little to you; you who have passed through many difficulties and overcome many obstacles. Be not cast down; have faith and hope, and cast thy burden upon Him, who will sustain you. He gives not more to bear than you can bear. Try to be patient, calm, and resigned, and the cross that is given you to carry, bear it nobly; bear it as He did who has gone before you. He is your elder brother; God is your Father. With such a Brother and such a Father, though your path may be stony, if you trust implicitly on that Father and that Brother, what have you to fear?

#### INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou who art ever ready and willing to help Thy suffering children here below—Thou who dost hear their every cry—send down the spirit of comfort and love. May it take possession, and dwell therein. May Thy grace, which is all-sufficient, be cast round about her path. May she pour forth her griefs into Thy bosom, and in return wilt Thou shower down Thy love and protection. Farewell—Farewell.

To Miss Cogman:—

Press on, press on. Fight the great fight.

Miss C. She shall be helped by us, and God the Father, her Master; and we will help you also.

Jessie. May His love be your beacon.

Miss Cogman: May His love to all His children make them faithful unto Him, and may they work diligently in the vineyard in which He has placed them. May God help you in your work. May He pour down the Holy Ghost upon you; and, oh! may He make your work more spiritual still. This old year has been to you a year of great learning; a year in which you have seen and heard many things, and many truths have been opened up to many beings; and, because the new year is coming, let them not despise the old one; for they were happy to receive this year, and they are looking forward to the happiness with which they will receive the next year. And may the new year bring God's blessing on all His children, and may they learn greater and nobler things which He hath done, than they have in the past year, and not only may they learn these things, but may they be richer, far richer in spirit than they have been.

#### AN ATHEIST'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The churchyard of Tewin, in Hertfordshire, is a spot of some interest to the curious, for the fact of its being the resting place of the mortal remains of Lady Anne Grimstone. The old "wives'" tale of the neighbourhood is to the effect that the said Lady Anne Grimstone was an Atheist, without a shadow of belief in the Deity; and that, so firm was her belief in the non-existence of God, that at her death-bed her last words were to the effect that if God existed, seven elm trees would grow out of her tombstone. Whether such words were used, and in such a manner, it is impossible at this date to determine; but whether the tale be correct or not, seven elm trees have sprung up through the solid tomb, and have broken away the solid masonry in all directions, making the reading of the inscription a difficult and almost impossible feat. The iron railings that surrounded the monument are in many places firmly imbedded in the trunks of the trees. The numerous names carved in all available parts of the trunks, attest the number of visitors curiosity has drawn to the spot. The trees are each distinct and separate, and, notwithstanding the strangeness of the locality, appear to thrive well. Many suppositions to account for their growth have been started, but some are of so improbable a nature that the country people still cling to their favourite story of Lady Anne's Atheism.

#### THREE MASTERS.

THERE are none like Luther's three masters—Prayer, Temptation, Meditation. Temptation stirs up holy meditation; meditation prepares to prayer; and prayer makes profit of temptation, and fetcheth all divine knowledge from heaven. Of others, I may learn the theory of Divinity, of these only the practice. Other masters teach me by rote to speak, parrot-like, of heavenly things; these alone with feeling and understanding.—BISHOP HALL.

## SPIRITUALISM IN POETRY.

TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

(Concluded from page 386.)

In "Enoch Arden" we perceive running through its homely common-places a rich vein of the spiritual. So, too, in "The Grandmother;" yet, in a more direct form, the shades of the upper world are brought to the home of the living, and made to sit in the vacant chair and hover about the bed. Call it a poet's conceit—a simple phantasy—yet, what would poetry be without the spiritual? and why doubt the actuality of spirit-existence when the eye that reads this owns its power of reception from the Spirit that gives it its fire.

Strains like "The Grandmother" give the poet a place in the vacant chair of every human home, for every home has a vacant chair, though it be not made of wood. There is a fresh, active, companionable virtue in such strains which glows over beautiful; simple as simplicity itself, yet how touchingly true to life are its various details. You cannot move along existence without perceiving real grandmothers, the prototypes of the poet's portraiture. This is one of Tennyson's living, speaking pictures, in which nature is king over art, and yet art lends legitimate aid. It will bear reading and re-reading, and will lose none of its freshness or living beauty. "The Northern Farmer," again, speaking in the northern dialect, is a most perfect picture, natural in its minutest details. You might read it and fancy the farmer himself before you. This is the great charm of Tennyson, when his best pictures glow upon the canvas the paint is lost sight of and the likeness seems alive. To sketch a portrait is one thing, but to make it speak quite another; and yet how well the Laureate performs this difficult task. From other lyrics we cull

## THE FLOWER.

Once, in a golden hour,  
I cast to earth a seed;  
Up there came a flower,  
The people said a weed.

To and fro they went,  
Thro' my garden bower,  
And, muttering discontent,  
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,  
It wore a crown of light;  
But thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night,

Sow'd it far and wide,  
By every town and tower;  
Till all the people cried,  
Spendid is the flower.

Read my little fable:  
He that runs may read;  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

It has become the fashion in certain circles to lavish fulsome praise on Tennyson, and to stretch his powers beyond all reasonable limits; and it has become the habit of numerous small singers to steal the seed of his flower and call it their own. There is no denying that Tennyson is a master of song, but that he is the greatest of all masters of the present century we cannot admit. But why need we quarrel about trifles, for it is a trifling matter after all, canvassing questions of greatness. A dwarf cannot reach the stature of a giant, but he may be a very useful man, nevertheless. Whether Tennyson be considered a giant or not, he claims our love inasmuch as he is a true man and a sweet poet. We readily and heartily express our gratitude to him for the many beautiful life-like portraits he has set singing. If we cannot call him an ocean, we can call him a very large singing stream. The nightingale sings less loudly and more sweetly than the blackbird, but each bird sings its own characteristic music.

Tennyson is the nightingale of modern song, and can claim his own music. Shall we not love to hear him sing because

his notes have less compass than those of some few other singers? It is useless expecting to find the delicious sweetness of the nightingale combined with the rough music of the mountain waterfall. The lyrical belongs to the stream—the zephyrs—the gentle rain and the dulcet-throated birds. The epical goes with the raging sea, and finds voice in the trampling hosts and heavy artillery of the battle plain. We do not say Tennyson cannot sing in bass notes as well as compass the octaves in alto, but the tenor is his natural tone, and he sings best in tenor. When he attempts bass, you cannot fail to admire, and possibly applaud, but when he sings in tenor, you love him, because he gives vocal fullness to his own rich strains, and makes the air heavy with his wonderful notes which come back to you in echoes.

We all of us live in lyrics and epics, and those who cast their thoughts in song reflect only what nature and circumstance have reflected in themselves. Human life merges the beautiful into the sublime, and sometimes into the ridiculous. But there are stages on the way. Tennyson holds position on the road to sublimity. Always beautiful, he sometimes catches glimpses of sublimity, and never falls over on the other side into the ridiculous.

Throughout the poems in "Enoch Arden" we come across passages very common-place, but very pathetic, nevertheless. In fact, one of the principal merits of the book is its naturalness. The poet has not satisfied himself by borrowing themes from fairy romance. He has looked around on absolute facts; he has caught inspiration from human life in its various conflicts with matter, and yet in instances we have shown he has brought the spiritual to the material, and made heroism shine in the cottage of toil. For this we offer praise. He might have sought his themes amongst the palaces of lordly knights, where gentle dames attire themselves in all the colours of the rainbow, while they never sigh but to sicken at plenty; or he might have struck his wondrous wand at the doors of courts, and all their jewelled crowns might have glistened upon his muse like sunlight gleaming upon water; or he might have forsaken these, and wandering by the changing sea, which he so much loves; or over forests of woodland scenery; have simply presented us with pictures sketched by the sea or in the woodland; or he might have listened to the ever sweet songs of the woodland birds, and essaying to rival, or at least imitate them, have given us musical repetitions of their strains. Had he chosen to confine his muse to either or all of those things, we should have been grateful, because the winning sweetness of his music would have wedded us to "things of beauty." But he was too human for that; he saw heroism in humble garb and he exalted it. He saw villany in respectability with the mask of sanctity upon its face, and he exposed it, tearing the mask away. He went on his way singing, not in imitation of the lark, which is ever joyous, but sad in others' sadness, glad in others' gladness, he sang of human life, its sweet pathos, its rough conquests, and its glorious uses. He never forgot he was human, hence his muse became to him a talent he dared not misuse; consequently the eternal beauty of human effort which acts in holy things, set him singing. Always with a true man's eye beneath the surface of things and with a poet's keen sensibilities, he sympathized with the heroes of ships and cots.

He went forth, not simply to catch music from rivulets, or breezes,—by rocky cavern, or fern-covered pathway, to listen to the deep mysterious echoes of his own soul, but to listen to the music of humanity, which has not only a sweet-joyous, but a sad-complaining tone. Nothing elevates the character of a man like service bestowed for the benefit of others. It is that which gives grandeur, or moral majesty to life. And he, our poet, true to the whispers of duty, sang the songs which humanity inspired, and he sang truly and wisely.

Tennyson has sanctioned, and in a measure sanctified, such themes as he has wrought into living beauty in "Enoch Arden." The progress of civilization has not left poetry behind, but it has, thank God, left many national insipidities behind. Compare the themes which almost solely occupied the poet's attention in the past with those which Tennyson and others in the present age ennoble. We have much reason to rejoice at the improvement. Time was, when the poet scorned the lowly virtues of the cottage, and set his muse in ecstasies at the triumphs of

War and Bacchus, and made the lily lustre of a lady's face deepen in blood-colour at the defeat of her lover at the tournament. Now the world has begun to scout, or scorn the poet who essays to make War and Bacchus, and all the so-called chivalric feats, divine.

It is a good sign that Tennyson, who can read the will of the nineteenth century as well as any man, has chosen his themes and sanctioned the use of them.

The poet to be useful, must go out into human haunts, and study human habits and human necessities. Before he is entitled to teach he must learn—before he attempts to rule, he must learn to obey. Proper obedience begets the faculty of command. Experience alone can fit a man for a leader either in the State or Church, or in the realms of Art. The true poet must, therefore, be something more than a dreamer; he must not merely imagine, but he must experience, that is, if he would touch the answering chords of the human heart. Poetry elaborated out of pretty conceits or fancies, may tickle the undeveloped ears of children, but if it is to move the masses of humanity in the ways of Godliness and virtue, it must have something to do with fact. In other words, the real must appear in the robes of the ideal, tangible and prominent as a picture in a frame, a face in a looking-glass, or the moon in the water. If it be the poet's mission to teach and inspire to heroic action, he must associate himself to a great extent with common matter-of-fact things. Tennyson seems to have caught this idea; at least, he has wrought it out in "Enoch Arden." He has walked not only among tombs, but in the very heart of commerce, and he has discovered that heroism is not confined to the singular heroes of novels, but that its images are photographed on almost every page of social life. The life-actions of the humblest speak in the most miraculous tongues, and their tones are not lost upon the poet. He is most like himself when he sings of heroism, for heroic impulses move the true poet to speech. Heroism forms the frontispiece of life's album. The poet cannot study life and obey the impulses of his genius and not see it. Let him turn the leaves over, and here and there heroism shall glow gloriously upon the page; and he shall find, as Tennyson has done, that heroism covers not all, but very much of the ground occupied by labour; that it displays grand lists of difficulties surmounted, temptations baffled, self-sacrifice sanctified; that it walks with virtue through heavy cannonades of sin and want; and it teaches the all-conquering lesson, that virtue consists not in passive but in active goodness—not in the mere observance, but in the defence of law. Not in idea but in performance—not in ease, but in endeavour. The soul may nurse a faith with apparent ease where temptations are weak, but where they are strong and are conquered heroism crowns virtue kingly.

The author of "Enoch Arden" has mixed with men, and found them better than books for study, and infinitely more interesting. Some men are like growing volumes which, the more you read the more you add to your wisdom. Some are like books with clasps which are rarely if ever opened; you can see their bindings but not their leaves. These are more suitable for ornament or the museum than for use. Other men, with inferior covers and well printed leaves, have no clasps and are open, and he that runs may read; these are the living books which, like living water, impart renewed mental and moral vigour. Tennyson has entered into a compact with himself to study men, and he has not only found that men are books, but that they are pictures likewise, some of which are better in the shade than in the light. Others personify moral virtues in prominent living colours, presenting a grace and dignity of expression which make the soul transparent. Men like these add beauty to life and eclipse the creations of the highest art. Tennyson has moved among men inspired with grand desires, and as he has gone on singing the dirge-like strains of *In Memoriam*; the merry-mournful, yet expressively sweet, *May Queen*; and the graceful-homely *Enoch Arden*; he has found that men are poems, but that some are crude, inelegant, and unfinished; that others are like singing streams which are always musical; that some halt like the doggerel feet of a Seven-Dial stave; that others move on in heroics like the steady march of an army; that some are weak and vapid, whilst others are epics, stately and active, like the eternal years.

## HAUNTED.

She cometh to me in the gray, gray, dawn,  
She cometh to me at night,  
She cometh to me now I'm all forlorn,  
She comes, and I clasp her tight.  
She would not leave me alone to mourn,  
She comes in her garments white.

I turn me round, for I know her tread,  
The gleam of her brow I see,  
And I stroke the hair of her sunny head,  
Ah! Death hides her not from me.  
Are we not one? he could ne'er unweave  
Those hearts link'd so faithfully.

She leaves her lily-white palm in mine,  
She gazes with tender eyes  
Which fain would tell of the life divine  
In her home beyond the skies,—  
Where none can sorrow, nor weep, nor pine,  
Where the spirit never dies.

I whisper, "Come," but she does not move;  
I look in her darling face,  
I tell her again of my mad, mad love,  
I hold her in fond embrace;  
But she only points to the sky above,  
As if not of earthly race.

When daylight comes, out I stretch my hand  
To detain her by my side;  
I hold her not; to that other land  
She has fled, my fair young bride;  
And I hear the tones of the seraph band  
As from earth to heav'n they glide.

She is not here when the sun shines down,  
But when he is gone to rest,  
She always comes in the same white gown,  
And lies close against my breast.  
Then I know I have her, my wife, my own,  
So I live for my angel guest.

I live my life: it will soon be done,  
For the burden of earth seems light;  
The web of woe now is nearly spun,  
She whisper'd to me last night.  
And I wait in faith till my race be run  
With her spirit to take my flight.

AGNES STONEHEWER.

## BLIND TOM.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

This wonderful blind "negro boy," who astonishes everybody who listens to the inimitable music which he elicits from the piano, his favourite instrument, we regret to learn is about to leave us, to visit other Northern cities previous to visiting Europe. Those who have had the pleasure to hear him, and to witness the remarkable "tests" to which he has been subjected by members of the musical profession in this city, agree that he is the greatest living marvel, in the shape of a human being, that the age has yet produced. His audiences, which have been made up chiefly of ladies and gentlemen of fine musical tastes, have been held in almost breathless silence while he has performed, in his own inimitable style of excellence, some of his choicest pieces, several of which are his own compositions. His "RAIN STORM"—composed when he was only five years old—in which are most sublimely represented the falling rain, the blowing winds, and the rolling thunder; and his "Battle of Manassas," composed soon after that event, in which are represented each of the contending armies leaving home for the scene of conflict, their hands playing their favourite national airs; the braying of trumpets, preparatory to entering into the bloody engagement; the booming of cannons during the terrible encounter, and the retreat of the discomfited forces, are performed with the most grand effect upon his delighted auditors, who signify their pleasure by the most enthusiastic applause. His "Imitation of the Music Box" is a gem of the first water, and is always vicereously applauded. Gottschalk's Last Hope, "Thalberg's Sweet Home," and "The Mocking-Bird," with variations, fill all who listen to them with delight. We can wish the residents in every city or town he may visit no greater pleasure than to be permitted to hear, at least once, this most remarkable boy. As Tom well says, in his own peculiar style, in his opening address to his audience, at each entertainment—and so will every one say who hears him—"Why it is that God should have given to one so humble as Tom, a poor, uncultivated negro boy, such musical genius and talent, is something which the human mind cannot comprehend." We sincerely hope that, whatever city or town he may visit, his concerts will be—as they richly deserve to be—largely patronized, especially by the lovers of music. Those especially, who love the "Spiritual Philosophy" should not fail to hear him, as he is undoubtedly, the best "medium" extant. That the choicest musical spirits that ever dwelt in the human form have him in their keeping and control, no one for a moment can doubt who can appreciate the truth of our true relation to the spirit-life. Don't fail if you shall ever have the opportunity to hear "Blind Tom."

RICHARD THAYER.

Boston Nov. 16, 1865.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

## NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Grim reader, did you ever see a ghost?  
No: but you have heard—I understand—be dumb!  
And don't regret the time you may have lost,  
For you have got that pleasure still to come.  
And do not think I mean to sneer at most  
Of these things, or by ridicule benumb  
That source of the sublime and the mysterious:  
For certain reasons, my belief is serious.  
Serious? You laugh;—you may: that will I not;  
My smiles must be sincere, or not at all.  
I say I do believe a haunted spot  
Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,  
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,  
"Shadows the soul of Richard" may appal.  
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very  
Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.  
Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be! The eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles—

DON JUAN.

Sir,—Lord Byron, both in his letters and poetry, mentions several instances of spiritual appearances, and although the semi-serious manner of the above quotation would seem to imply a doubt as to his actual belief of them, yet there is much in his correspondence to show that he was by no means an unbeliever.

The poet and the philosopher have each their way of expressing a similar belief; for while the former storms the heart, the latter appeals to the head. This is well exemplified in the following extract from "The Astronomical Principles of Religion," by William Whiston, M.A., 1717, pages 148—154:—

"That the sacred accounts of the invisible world, or of good angels and wicked demons, their places and ministrations, is exactly agreeable to the true system and phenomena of nature. Now that the sacred and prophane accounts, and the histories of all nations and ages, do suppose and inform us, that besides the supreme invisible Deity, besides the visible material world of bodies, and besides the invisible and incorporeal world of souls or spirits, inhabiting in visible and gross bodies, there are also another species of beings belonging to our system: I mean, those souls or spiritual beings who are either wholly free from bodies, or, rather, free from such gross and visible bodies as we have, but inhabit ordinarily in purer and more ethereal regions, in more subtle and aerial bodies or vehicles, who are invisible generally, and intangible to our gross senses, but not wholly incorporeal, or unconcerned with us and our affairs here below; that, I say, the ancient sacred and prophane accounts and histories do assure us of the existence of these species of beings, everybody that has ever read either ancient or modern books cannot deny or doubt, but that present nature does at all favour these accounts, and that we can give the least evidence from the phenomena of the world of their being, or place of abode, or influence here below, is what is not generally pretended to by even the Christian philosopher. Now, in this case I shall venture a step farther, and shall here set down such observations from nature and astronomy as seem to me to favour this account of the invisible world. Accordingly I observe, that nature does as fully allow of the existence of spiritual and invisible being out of gross bodies as in them. Nor can those who are convinced by the phenomena of animals, both rational and irrational, that they are compounded of immaterial and invisible souls, as well as of material and visible bodies, as we have already discours'd, at all scruple the existence of such spiritual and invisible souls, either by themselves, or united to much finer bodies than those of our gross animals here below. I observe that nature does favour the existence of such creatures, by showing us such large and noble regions of the world, as best of all suit the habitations of such beings; and which, if there be not such beings, seem, contrary to the usual case of the other parts of this system, to be wholly destitute of inhabitants; I mean all the wide spaces of the atmospheres of the planets, especially those still, calm, clear, and aethereal visions of the same which are above the clouds, and storms, and disorders of their lowest parts. Nature, we still find, abounds in all proper places with living creatures, not only on the earth, or dry land, but within the earth, and waters, and lowest air, everywhere; all made to enjoy their Creator's bounty, and to be servicable to other beings superior to themselves. What reason can there then be to suppose that this air, the noblest fluid in the universe,

even in its purest and most celestial parts, should be destitute of living inhabitants? Which yet is must be, in case we exclude those *invisible powers* above mentioned. Now, in order to show how little prejudice to the existence of such beings that circumstance of their being *invisible* ought here to be, I observe, that whatever proper inhabitants the air has, their very bodies ought to be *invisible*, because the air itself, whereof we may suppose them made, is ever so. This is the wonderful property of air, strictly speaking, and that property which, among all corporeal beings, otherwise sensible, seems peculiar to it, that it is ever, upon the utmost condensation possible, to us *invisible*. Whence it is no wonder that all such beings as live in it, and perhaps take their bodies from it, how real or powerful soever, are likewise ordinarily *invisible* to us. I observe that the known phenomena of our air seem, in a peculiar manner, to require and suppose the existence and agency of such invisible beings therein as we are here speaking of, and cannot be fairly and mechanically solved without them. This I have particularly taken notice of in my account of the unusual meteors lately seen in the air, to which I refer the reader. Nor do I find that any other philosophers are able to give us a better account of those aerial phenomena without that hypothesis. So I cannot but conclude that the appearances of nature do in this, as well as in other cases, attest to what discoveries Divine revelation has made relating thereto, and that there are good and bad spirits in the air, in our neighbourhood, ready to perform what the sacred writings ascribe to them. As to the other place, allotted for certain to some, now to us *invisible beings*, in Scripture, I mean, *in the heart of the earth*. I have already made it probable, from natural philosophy, that the heavenly bodies have such mighty cavities within, as are the proper receptacles for some such beings; and shall not need here to enlarge on the subject, especially as it will come to be considered under the tenth particular hereafter.

"That the sacred accounts of the place of departed souls in the intermediate state before the resurrection, is very agreeable to the true frame of the universe. That the place of departed souls, till the resurrection, is either in the air, or in the heart of the earth, seems to me the importance of all the ancient and sacred records we have of that matter; i.e., they seem to me to imply that some of them are at liberty in the air, and others imprisoned in the earth; which two places we have shown to be, philosophically speaking, the only fit places for their habitation also, so that hitherto nature and Scripture seem to me entirely to agree, and to bear witness mutually to each other in these matters."

Whiston was a man of great learning, but as his writings did not meet with approval, he lost his position as professor of mathematics at Cambridge.

Dean Swift wittily terms him "Wicked Will Whiston."—I remain, yours, &c.,

T. S.

Bayswater, Dec. 21, 1865.

## FRESH SPIRITUALISTIC ITEMS.

THE following letter has been addressed to J. H. Gledstanes, Esq., by a scientific gentleman in Paris, who has for a long period taken interest in psychological and spiritual phenomena. The drawings alluded to are remarkable, having been produced in a cabinet in a few seconds each.

Petit Chateau, Gennevilliers, December 14th, 1865.

My Dear Sir,—In giving you those drawings to show at a *séance*, I include certain conditions, which apply equally to the contents of this letter, namely, neither I nor the parties acting with me choose to have our names brought before the public. Nor will we give any reasons. People know the name of the Editor of the *Times*, but his name is never mentioned. Besides, ladies are never expected to give any other reasons than their "will" or their "won't," and it would be unfair that they should have that prerogative all to themselves.

You have asked me for some particulars in addition to what you have seen. If you can recollect all you have seen, one lecture will not suffice to relate it. As to what I have seen and heard, it would be useless, perhaps tiresome, if I could recollect the twentieth part; however, I will endeavour to give you some particulars which will be interesting to those who hold *séances* at home, and who, therefore, are convinced of the reality of the phenomena. To talk of these things to persons who are not convinced of the reality of the phenomena, is as useless as it would be to give a lecture on chemistry in a language the audience did not understand.

The subject in question is of two classes; first, the *facts*; secondly, the *theories* founded on those facts.

The facts are as clear as the sun to those who have time and will to examine. The theories are as opposed as the almanacs, which tell us every day that the sun rises and sets at certain hours, the composers and editors of the almanack well knowing that it is as pure a fiction as when a lady tells her servant to say she is "not at home."

First as to the facts on which to build a theory. I think I have had experience of more facts than anyone else, for during the last eight months, rarely a day has passed without my having a vocal conversation with that power, whatever it may be, which responds in general by raps

in *séances*. Conversations a quarter, half, and three-quarters of an hour; conversations through five different persons as mediums, with each separately.

I believe or think that in all circles where the present tedious communication by raps takes place, the voice could, would, or might be produced, and thus, instead of a tedious, monotonous rapping, a pleasant conversation would take place.

I feel sorry to give any opinion which may hurt any person's feelings by not being in accordance with his or their deeply-rooted theory, but I would rather give no particulars at all than be denied the right to state that I have never had any indication, proof, or reason to suppose or to conclude that these phenomena are produced by the spirits of deceased persons, while, on the other hand, I have received what to me are indisputable, or, rather, quite convincing, proofs to the contrary.

Now, I must appeal to scientific men. In every science, chemistry, photography, mechanics, we must start with some facts, and must found a theory on them, and then travel on, examining closely how our theory works with the facts. If a man studying the qualities of elementary bodies builds up a theory of certain chemicals, which shall produce a new and more perfect photograph, that is (in default of other) *prima facie* evidence that his theory is correct. If a man, out of his own reasoning powers, produces a piano of better quality than others, is he not justified in thinking that his train of reasoning is correct?

Nay, I think I may go further, and say that an incorrect theory will produce corresponding results.

Now, I have studied these phenomena in the same manner as I have studied chemistry, photography, astronomy, and other sciences, and I have succeeded to an extent which I never imagined the subject capable of. I therefore hold that my theory (which is the grand matter of dispute) is more probably correct than a theory which produces imperfect results.

That theory is, that whatever may be at the root of the wonderful power which appears and acts, it is not the spirits of deceased persons.

Enough of this. I say this only as my own conviction, and seek not to convince others.

Now, as regards these manifestations, there is no doubt that in every *séance* were raps are heard, there are one or more entities present, invisible, though not altogether independent beings.

These manifestations produced by these beings fill the spiritual magazines. What are they?

They are every phase of human nature, from St. Giles's to St. James's.

If a surgeon is obliged, in the cause of science, to dissect the human body, and by plates and details to enable students to study, he cannot confine himself to the organs of benevolence, or the fine structure of the eye or ear, but must go through the whole subject, and in so doing has to give plates and descriptions which are not considered as fit for the public eye. In fact, in the present state of civilization, whatever may be arrived at hereafter, there are portions of the lives of the most virtuous which they do not talk of in mixed company.

Why, then, is a poor spirit to be treated worse than a highly accomplished and benevolent lady or gentleman?

We look with reverence, with esteem, with admiration, and with gratitude at the high qualities which have distinguished men and women who have rendered high and great services to the sciences, to suffering humanity, and to the cause of peace and good-will throughout the world. Do we, in their case, lift the veil, and pry into and talk over all that common machinery of all animated beings by which the great universe of animated life is contained? We look at the useful and beautiful; the rest we know is matter of course.

In a horticultural exhibition, do we show all the baneful herbs and weeds, or the beautiful and useful.

Why, then, is time lost, abilities misapplied, and delicacy wounded, in dragging to view those actions, words, drawings, or writings of spirits, which have strict analogy to similar wheels of life in human nature.

A spirit can, with its own hands, and not acting by the hands of man or woman, write out a better sermon than any clergyman, wherein no argument is misplaced, no sentiment misapplied, no word misspelt; and it can write this with electrical rapidity, in clear, plain, intelligible writing, and in five minutes can write what it would take any person two hours to copy.

The drawings I have given you show its powers in that respect; but I believe that in all cases you may deduct one quarter from the time you noted by your watch, for it did not begin instantly the door was shut.

It can play any musical instrument better than any professor.

It can give better medical advice than any physician, and it will not pander to your inclinations, and allow you to drink wine and eat meat when an abstemious diet would be better for you.

It will chat with you, laugh with you, eat with you, drink with you, and smoke with you; and, if two are present, they will talk with one another.

To me all these things are now in this wise. When railroads were introduced all the world were astonished; now to go by rail excites no more thought than to take a walk.

So all these things have become to me so habitual as to excite no more sensation than talking to any friend I may meet.

Now, some parties may say, those are great results; how are they to be produced?

They can only be produced in the same manner as music. To produce an opera, every instrument, and all the music, must be in harmony; time and tune must be strictly preserved. Then the conceptions of great musical genius and talent are developed, to the delight of the audience. So it is with the production, or formation, or causation of the presence of spirits.

Now reverse the picture, and give one hundred men who know nothing of music, the same one hundred instruments to produce such melody, and see what droll music you will have; or even give each of the good players a different tune to play.

Such are the results of mixed *séances* in Spiritualism, and when the power evolved is very strong, more mischief may or will be done in three minutes than all the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens could make in

a china-shop in an hour, for spirits act with electrical rapidity, and a quarter of a minute is more than time enough to tumble together, scatter, and break all the furniture in a room. If at a dinner-table, the vegetables and meat will be all flying about the room, the plates thrown about and broken, and the table turned upside down, perhaps broken to pieces, and chairs thrown from one side of the room to another, and all without injuring any person present.

Discord and Spiritualism is like war between nations; the demon of destruction walks through the land. Arts, sciences, manufactures, cultivation, all are crushed, and men become worse than tigers.

And if men, in presence of the beautiful symmetry of nature, allow their passions such blindfold excess, can they be surprised at the same thing taking place with spirits?

I have said, I think, enough to those who wish to study the subject. I have nothing to say to those who have not the means, the time, the power, or the inclination.

I have no doubt that all the Eastern religions have their foundation in Spiritualism.

I could add a volume of incidents, but my aim is not to amuse, but to instruct.

I have now strictly to enjoin you, if you make use of this document at a *séance* not to add to, take from, or alter in one word in reading, any thing which I have written.

After that, give what details you please, and propound whatever theories you choose, on your own "hook," as the Americans say.—Yours very truly,

### SPIRIT-DIAGNOSTICATIONS.

A PERSONAL friend of the writer was some time since developed as a "healing medium," with such collateral powers as to be able not only to discover and describe the most subtle diseases of the body, but the most secret thoughts of the patient's mind and experiences of his past life. Recently our friend received a call from a gentleman who was a total stranger to him, and who wished to consult with him on some matters not of a medical nature. Our friend, being somewhat occupied at the time, was at first disposed to excuse himself from the proposed interview, but was immediately controlled by the spirits to sit down by the gentleman and take his hand. He then commenced giving the man a history of his internal experiences and thoughts, which were of a peculiarly gloomy character, even affecting the health both of body and mind. Specific points in the gentleman's experience were mentioned in detail, and our friend informed him that, as the result of them all, he had formed the settled purpose to commit suicide. At this point the gentleman uttered an exclamation of wonder and surprise, and confessed that what our friend had related was all true to the letter. Our friend gave him some advice, by following which he was, in two weeks, entirely relieved from his mental difficulties, and made a happy man.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

THE *Cincinnati Daily Gazette*, Nov. 14th, contains an article from a London correspondent, whom we recognize as M. D. Conway, on Spiritualism. The article, mostly made up of extracts from the *Spiritual Times*, is written in a temper worthy of imitation. The writer says nothing sneeringly or authoritatively on the subject, but chronicles facts and allows the reader to found opinions upon them. In this article he has the following on "Life Incidents":—

Mr. J. H. Powell, editor of the *Spiritual Times*, has put forth a volume which is called "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures," a book which I have found deeply interesting, not so much on account of the spiritual and biological details and stories it contains, as for the singularly sincere and graphic record of a life which a youth, born in poverty—English poverty—with an aspiration for something higher, and with poetic feeling has to undergo. One sees where Dickens gets the raw material of his saddest pictures in this book. This boy runs the streets, while his father and mother drink in the public house; he learns a trade but finds every place filled; he wanders from town to town, not knowing where his dinner is to come from; he falls in love with a girl poor as himself; he marries and has children; he is so poor as to write street ballads, and sell them for a half-penny each. He writes books all the time and poems. He gives lectures. He is always poor. He starts a Magazine which fails. It is not wonderful, is it, that he and his wife should turn away from such a world as they had found this, and try another? They went into biology, mesmerism, Spiritualism, and the rest; and they have found the higher world pay better than this.

There are two mistakes in this, Mr. Powell's book gives no evidence that his mother drank in the public-house, and he has not found the higher world pay better than this. There is no more common error than supposing that the advocates of Spiritualism are influenced solely by money. We thank the writer for his notice, nevertheless, and specially desire to record our appreciation of the general tone of the article. Mr. Conway is doing a bold, and, we think, good work in London.

### DILIGENCE

WHEN husbandmen find nought to do,  
No work to turn their hands unto,  
Then Christians also, if they please,  
May cease from work, and take their ease.—*Flavel*.

**A RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE** on "RICHES" will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, December 24th, 1866, at 7 o'clock.

By Mr. J. H. POWELL.  
A Collection on behalf of the Lyceum.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**CORRESPONDENTS** will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

Our readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

MISS EMMA HARDING'S Address is—Manor House, 7, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. At home on Mondays and Wednesdays from 2 till 5. JOHN MURRAY SPEAR'S address is 146, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

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